Feels Like Spring

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Feels Like Spring

by lumosatnight

Summary

Charlie Weasley felt like summer and smelled like watermelon. Harry Potter felt like winter and smelled like pomegranate. Together, they felt like spring and smelled like home.

Notes

This fic started as a submission for Wood You Rather, then turned into a HP Fruit Fest fic, and ended as a HP Poetry Fest entry. I love fests, and I love fest prompts. So, of course, I had to combine multiple. Thank you to the wonderful mods (Krissy, CBG, and Danni) for allowing me to combine fests! Here are the prompts I used:

- Wood You Rather: grand gestures/small things, summer/winter
- HP Fruit Fest: watermelon (symbolizing life and love), pomegranate (symbolizing death and fertility)
- HP Poetry Fest: *A Light Exists in Spring* by Emily Dickinson

Thank you EloiseEvans for the beta! Fun fact: this is the first fic in the Harry/Charlie/Oliver tag!

See the end of the work for more notes

A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period.
When March is scarcely here

- A Light Exists in Spring by Emily Dickinson

~ 🏆~

Charlie Weasley felt like summer and smelled like watermelon.

His smile was bright like the sun, his laugh like the sweetest birdsong. Charlie had been a mere Fifth Year, and even then, Oliver knew he was too much for this world.

He hugged too tightly, flew too dangerously, loved too recklessly.

Oliver used to sit across from him in the Great Hall, bouncing in his too-big robes.

“Any openings yet?”

Charlie looked at him fondly. He was always looking at him fondly — the eager Second Year approaching the Gryffindor Captain *yet again* about a spot on the team.

“Soon,” Charlie said. He patted Oliver’s arm. “Soon enough.”

“But *how* soon?”

Charlie shrugged and took a bite of his watermelon. It was a whole melon, pink and green and sugareey sweet, cut into eight even pieces. It was part of his morning routine. Every day that Oliver had known him, he followed it.

Shower. Fruit. Practice.

It was always the same — a constant, repeating rhythm. The steady spinning of the Earth, the predictable lapping of the tides.

“Hey, Wood, you want some?”

Charlie was holding out a hand, freckled and tan, red hair sprouting from the knuckles.

“Jus’ one won’t hurt, I suppose”

Oliver took a slice, and Charlie looked at him fondly. But then again, he was always looking at him fondly.

~ 🏆~

Harry Potter felt like winter and smelled like pomegranate.

His eyes were clear like glass, his spells like the lightest snowfall. Harry had been a mere First Year, and even then, Oliver knew he was too good for this world.

He hugged too hesitantly, flew too tremulously, loved too desperately.

Oliver used to sit across from him in the Great Hall, fidgeting in his too-big robes.

“You ready then?”

Harry looked at him incredulously. He was always looking at him incredulously — the intimidating Fifth Year checking in *yet again* with the Gryffindor team’s newest Seeker (The youngest in a century!).

“Yeah, I, erm — I think so.”

“Good,” said Oliver. He patted Harry’s shoulder. “You’re going to do great. I can *feel* it.”

“Maybe…”

Oliver watched him pick at his pomegranate. Eating the seeds one by one, small and red and treacly sweet. For how small the kid was, Oliver had seen him pack away a five-course meal at the welcoming feast without issue.

And the kid really was small.

The way he walked, hunched over and head bowed, made him even smaller. A branch struggling under the weight of freshly fallen snow, a weary hiker trekking up a windy mountainside.

“Hey, Wood, what happens if I, erm — if I mess up? What if we lose?”

Oliver grabbed the helmet off the table and jammed it over Harry’s unruly curls. He leaned over to fasten the buckle underneath his chin.

“Jus’ don’t mess up, and we won’t lose.”

He gave the helmet a smack, and Harry looked at him incredulously. But then again, he was always looking at him incredulously.

~ 🏆 ~

Oliver’s mum was a superstitious person.

Never walk under a ladder and *Touching wood keeps the bad luck away* had been common phrases in his household as a child. He avoided black sheep, always got up on the right side of the bed, and never opened an umbrella indoors.

What, then, was he supposed to do when faced with the immovable object that was Charlie Weasley after Quidditch practice?

“You shouldn’t put your shoes on the table,” Oliver said, flicking a jellywig across the room at him. “It’s supposed to invite death upon your family.”

“An’ who told you that?”

“My mum.”

Charlie fiddled with the salt shaker, the one he had nicked from the dining hall that morning. Just another thing that had been driving Oliver’s superstitious heart into overdrive.

“She’s a smart woman.”

“Yes,” Oliver agreed.

“So’s my mum.” Charlie threw his head back and laughed. Warm like an island breeze, boisterous like the animals playing in the meadow. “If only she would stop sending me Howlers in the mornings.”

Yes, Oliver had heard; the whole school had heard. Molly Weasley’s piercing shriek as she demanded to know why Charlie had applied to an internship at the dragon reserve (and gotten in) behind her back. How he needed to focus on a *serious* career, not go gallivanting off to Romania to babysit some overgrown pets.

“You know…” said Charlie, slumping back in his chair, long hair flowing down the backrest. “You don’t always have to listen to your mum.”

“I know tha’.”

“Alright, as long as you know.”

Charlie rested his chin on his hands but didn’t say anything. His lips were stained watermelon pink. Oliver was sure his chin was sticky from where the juices had trickled down earlier and Charlie had neglected to wipe them off.

“Of course, I know,” muttered Oliver.

He left the common room soon after with the strange feeling Charlie had been disappointed in him.

~ 🏆 ~

Oliver’s dad was a competitive person.

The early bird gets the worm and *Never let them know your next move* had been common phrases in his household as a child. It wasn’t until later that Oliver learned the worm his dad was getting in the early mornings was a long-standing mistress and the next move he was so adamant about hiding was, well, packing his bags and moving in with her.

What, then, was he supposed to do when faced with the terrifying image of his star Seeker knocked flat off his broom by a horror of dementors?

“Harry!” Oliver yelled right at the sleeping boy’s face. “Harry! What happened?”

Harry stirred, reaching over for his glasses which Oliver hastily shoved into his hand.

“Dementors,” he croaked. “They… Well, I…” He paused and looked away. “We don’t get on much.”

“You. Don’t. Get. On,” repeated Oliver. He hated repeating himself, hated repeating drills again and again when the team refused to listen the first time, just another thing that drove his logical brain to frustration.

“Much,” Harry confirmed.

“Much.”

“I’m —” Harry coughed, and Oliver thrust a glass of water at him. “I’m sorry.”

“We’re going to lose the cup,” Oliver stated plainly.

Harry turned into his pillow and laughed. Cold like a forest stream, quiet like the slumbering animals at night. “That’s all you care about, isn’t it? You don’t even care there are dementors in the castle. You don’t care that I broke a rib from the fall.”

Oliver frowned. “It isn’t permanent, right? And Dumbledore took care of the dementors.”

That was what Oliver had heard, at least, after pestering Madame Pomphrey with questions about when his star Seeker would be up and running again and after eavesdropping on McGonagall and Snape in the hallway.

“You know…” said Harry, laying down on the bed, bandaged torso slipping under the sheets. “It’s not always about the game.”

He sure did strike a pitiful figure, all waxen and limp, his usually pomegranate-red lips wiped clean. He’d always been slight, but Oliver was sure that he looked frailer than usual. No wonder he had so easily been knocked from his broom.

“It’s *always* about the game,” Oliver grumbled.

He left the hospital wing soon after with the strange feeling Harry had been disappointed in him.

~ 🏆 ~

The end of another year, the start of another adventure.

“You’ll make a good captain.” Charlie gathered him in a hug and clapped him on the back. He was as large and boisterous as always, but Oliver had caught up a bit in the passing years. He was no longer the wiry little Second Year anymore.

“You really think so?” Oliver gurgled, face squished against Charlie’s broad chest.

“Of course!”

“But I’m only a Fourth Year. Shouldn’t —”

Charlie let him go, and Oliver staggered from the loss.

“You’re gonna do great, kid.” He flashed one of his genial smiles, the ones that could bring a whole Quidditch field to their knees, Oliver included (sometimes McGonagall too).

“Will you come back to watch?”

Charlie ruffled his hair instead of answering.

“I’m leaving it up to you now. Make me proud.”

~ 🏆 ~

The end of another year, the start of another adventure.

“You’ll make a good captain someday.” Oliver stood beside Harry and clapped him on the shoulder. Harry was as small and quiet as always, but he had opened up a bit in the passing years. He was no longer the nervous little First Year anymore.

“You really think so?” Harry murmured, face turned toward the empty pitch.

“O’ course! Just give it time.”

“Do you think next year maybe —”

Oliver let him go, and Harry struggled to stay upright.

“Listen,” said Oliver, spinning him until they were face to face. “Being captain isn’t all sunshine and rainbows.”

“It isn’t?”

“I became captain in my Fourth Year, and it isn’t something I would recommend.”

“But I thought…” Harry frowned, his glasses slipping down an inch. “You were good at it, though.”

Oliver shook his head. “It was too much — way too much. And then O.W.L.s…. Can you imagine O.W.L.s while being Quidditch captain?”

“Yeah, I suppose that would be diffi —”

“It was a nightmare!”

And it had been. When he had first started as a struggling Fourth Year, no one had wanted to listen to him. Too young, too naive. Then, Fifth Year came around and it was O.W.L.s *this* and O.W.L.s *that.* Priorities — Oliver had figured his out the hard way.

“So you think Angelina…?”

“I think she’s the best choice at the moment.” He gave one of his decisive nods, the ones that could bring the whole Quidditch team to attention (sometimes the Slytherin team too).

“Will you come to watch?”

Oliver ruffled his hair instead of answering.

“You’re the best Seeker this team’s ever had. You’ll make me proud.”

~ 🏆 ~

Charlie was a fighter. That was something Oliver had always admired about him.

Oliver thought about him periodically throughout the next few years, heard about him in the papers, taming dragons and brokering peace on foreign continents.

Their paths never crossed.

A still warm seat at the burrow, a half-eaten watermelon in the fridge, when Oliver showed up for another super secret Order meeting.

Life followed Charlie, his smile, his laughter.

The next time Oliver saw him, Charlie was duelling three Death Eaters simultaneously. He was laughing, gloating, watermelon pink lips pulled up in ecstasy, summer laughter infectious as always.

He was beautiful and warm.

Oliver was drawn to him, wanted to bask in him.

Tonks took his hand and pulled, deeper into the fight, farther into life.

Oliver tilted his broom and flew off.

~ 🏆 ~

Harry was a survivor. That was something Oliver had always admired about him.

Oliver thought about him periodically throughout the next few years, heard about him in the papers, stealing artefacts and slipping in under the Ministry’s nose.

Their paths never crossed.

The chill of magic lingering at an empty campsite, a handful of pomegranate seeds dropped in front of the Ministry Floo, when Oliver and his clean-up committee finally arrived.

Death followed Harry, his blood, his heart.

The next time Oliver saw him, Harry was running from three Death Eaters simultaneously. He was grimacing, glaring, pomegranate red blood staining his clothes, winter grief strangling his heart.

He was beautiful and cold.

Oliver was drawn to him, wanted to unthaw him.

Hermione took his hand and pulled, deeper into the forest, closer to death.

Oliver tilted his broom and followed.

~ 🏆 ~

Charlie Weasley loved like every day was his first.

Carelessly. Boldly. Grandly.

Filled with loud laughter, sprawling feasts, and vigorous fucking. Grand gestures, tossed freely into the wind that flew and flew and flew until Oliver was soaring along with them.

Their very first date had been an impromptu trip to the French Riviera — escargot, macaroons, blistering summer heat, and all.

Charlie found him loitering at a local pub, drinking away his sorrows at the bar.

“Wood! It’s been a long time!” Charlie swept him into a monstrous hug, giving his back a few good thumps. He pulled away and looked Oliver up and down. “You’re looking good.” He winked. “Why don’t I take you out tonight?”

And that had been it.

Taking the next available Portkey, they spun across the channel without a second thought. Oliver woke the next morning, snuggled up to a snoring Charlie, the Mediterranean shimmering through the balcony's double doors.

The rest of their relationship only got better…

Charlie visited Oliver after his matches, sneaking onto the pitch to wrestle under the goalposts. Oliver always lost while Charlie never played fair.

…and better…

Oliver visited Charlie for his birthday and fucked him against a tree in the open paddock, the dragons giving them curious stares.

…and better…

Charlie brought Oliver home. Mrs Weasley cooked a feast, watermelon included, and cooed over his lengthening hair while Mr Weasley asked him about the significance of washing

machines. The twins heckled him mercilessly and were heckled right back. He argued with Percy over Ministry regulations, just like old times.

…until it ended altogether.

It had been weeks since they had last seen each other. Missed dinner dates, postponed trips, mismatched Floo calls. They weren't serious, not really. They were seeing each other. They *loved* each other, but they had never said so in words.

Oliver found him partying at a local pub, his arm slung around another man's waist.

"Oh! Oliver, there you are!" Charlie smiled at him, jubilant and beaming. It was like nothing was wrong. Like a wildfire hadn't just ripped its way through Oliver's heart and burned through tissue and vessels one at a time.

He dragged them into one of the bathroom stalls, just him, Charlie, and the unclean toilet.

"What's going on? Who's that guy?"

"What do you mean?"

Oliver crossed his arms, imploring the fire to be kept at bay. "I thought we were seeing each other."

"We are."

"Then, why are you here with someone else?"

"Because I can?" Charlie mirrored his pose and leaned against the opposite wall. "Is that a problem? We never agreed to be exclusive."

"Is that a — What the fuck, Charlie?"

Charlie's eyes, usually so vibrant, so bright, were narrowed against Oliver's outburst.

"I think we should break up."

Charlie's face fell, his broad shoulders slumping.

"Is that really what you want?"

"I — I don't know, but it's what I need."

"Alright." Charlie nodded and pulled him into a brief hug.

The fire in Oliver's chest had subsided. He felt raw, tender, his edges burnt and blackened. Later, they would start to peel, puffy pink skin stretching toward the surface. Later, he would shed it all, unfurl like a blossom in spring.

He would try again.

Even after a fire, new life can grow again.

~ 🏆 ~

Harry Potter loved like every day was his last.

Cautiously. Thoughtfully. Intimately.

Filled with soft smiles, candlelit dinners, and tender love-making. Small things, stacked into a neat little pile that grew and grew and grew until Oliver was peering down from the top miles above the ground.

Their very first date had been a cosy chat in front of Harry's fireplace followed by a chilly evening fly.

Harry bumped into him at the bottom of the bleachers, escaping the crowd of rushing students.

"Wood? Wow, hi. Thanks for coming to the match today." Harry readjusted his glasses and looked Oliver up and down. "You look cold." He gestured towards the castle. "Did you want to come up? I have tea inside."

And that had been it.

Taking the snowy pathway, they strolled back to Hogwarts without a second thought. Oliver returned home that evening, warm and content, Harry's private Floo address written on the note in his pocket.

The rest of their relationship only got better…

Harry visited Oliver after his matches, sneaking onto the pitch to have a picnic on the grass. Oliver transfigured the pomegranates into wine while Harry sliced the cheese.

…and better…

Oliver visited Harry for his birthday and took him apart in his old dorm room, slow and deliberate, black hair spread across mahogany sheets.

…and better…

Harry brought Oliver home. Harry fretted over his shepherd's pie while Ron was already on his third helping. Hermione pulled him aside, touched his arm, and gave him a small smile. They played a friendly game in the backyard, and Harry caught the snitch, just like old times.

…until it ended altogether.

It had been weeks since they had last seen each other. Missed brunch dates, postponed matches, mismatched patronuses. They were serious, Oliver thought. They were seeing each other. They *loved* each other, but they had never said so in words.

Oliver bumped into him at the bottom of the bleachers and grabbed onto him before he could get lost in the crowd.

“Oh, Oliver, hi.” Harry smiled at him, nervous and fleeting. It was like something was wrong. Like a sheet of ice had frozen over his smile. No matter how hard Oliver tried, there was no way to break through and get to Harry underneath.

He dragged them to Harry’s office, just him, Harry, and the cluttered desk.

“What’s going on? What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean?”

Oliver opened his arms, imploring the ice to melt and Harry to let him in. “Why have you been avoiding me?”

“I haven’t.”

“Then, why does it feel like you have?”

“Because I stopped reaching out first.” Harry mirrored his position and took a step closer. “Did you ever realize we only talk if I call you first? We only see each other if I ask you first?”

“That's not true,” Oliver protested, reaching out and taking Harry’s hand.

“I think we should break up.”

Oliver dropped his hand, chest freezing.

“Is that really what you want?”

“I — It’s what I need.”

“Harry,” Oliver begged, “please, can you give me one more chance? I don’t want to lose this. We can try again.”

“Maybe someday.”

“When?” Oliver demanded.

Harry smiled sadly. “Someday soon.”

The ice in his chest had solidified. He felt frozen, suspended, his insides disoriented and confused. Later, they would start to melt, icy heart reaching for warmth once again. Later, he would grow new roots, sprout new buds like hope during spring.

He would try again.

Winter eventually passes; ice eventually thaws.

~ 🏆 ~

Oliver's first love had been Marcus Flint.

Not love exactly. Lover, perhaps? But even that was too kind. He didn't particularly like Marcus. Respected him, surely. But like him? Absolutely not. He was too brash, too cunning, too mean for Oliver's tastes.

Even still, Oliver found himself Apparating to Marcus's tiny one-bedroom flat and making himself at home.

"Fuck's sake, Wood. Use the fucking Floo like a normal person."

Not even halfway through the door and curse words were flying from Marcus's mouth. Some things never changed.

"Haven't seen you in a while. Thought I'd stop by." Oliver took a sip of the vodka tonic he had poured himself from Marcus's stores.

Marcus rolled his eyes, threw his outer robes to the side, and settled into the seat beside Oliver.

"I only see you when you want something. What is it this time? Your boy toy leave you again? You need a good fuck to get him out of your system?"

Oliver grimaced because that wasn't too far from the truth. The last time Oliver had shown up in Marcus's flat it had been right after ending things with Charlie. He had been a mess, shaking and crying, frustrated and confused. The only thing that had calmed him down was Marcus forcing him onto a broom and lobbing a quaffle at his head. They hadn't played for long before he was dragging Marcus to the broom shed and bending over the nearest shelf.

It had helped, though, those few moments of clarity. Soaring above the ground, leaving all of his problems below.

"Let's go for a fly," suggested Oliver.

"I'm tired," grunted Marcus. "Go fly by yourself."

"Let's roll for it." Oliver conjured a set of dice and stuck them right above Marcus's bushy browline. "I'll even let you go first."

They went for a fly.

Oliver dipped down toward the treeline, running his hand through the multicoloured leaves. Red, orange, yellow, purple, pink. They matched the skyline, the sun just falling beneath the hills.

"Do you ever wonder," said Oliver, "if you weren't cut out for this whole relationship thing?"

“Are you saying you wanna go steady? Because I dunno how hard you hit your head this time, but that ship has long sailed.”

Oliver swerved into Marcus’s path forcing him to do a last-minute duck and drop.

“No, that's not what I'm saying.”

“Then, why d’you ask?” Marcus looked remarkably unfazed for nearly toppling from his broom.

“I don’t know. I jus' feel like I’m messing it all up.”

“What’s there to mess up?” Marcus flopped his broom over, his head dangling upside down. “Either it works out or it doesn’t. Not much you can do either way.”

Oliver shook his head, broom jerking to a halt. “I could change, though. I could make them stay.”

Marcus flicked a Stinging Jinx at him, and Oliver yelped.

“Stop bitching about pointless things. Now, are we going to fly or fuck? Because I only have energy for one.”

Oliver hovered above the trees. They had turned a deep indigo by now, covered in shadow and leeched of all colour. He was reminded of the camping trips he used to have with Charlie, laying out in the stifling heat and staring up at the stars. He was reminded of the midnight walks he used to have with Harry, hands brushing as they huddled together on the snowy path.

All those memories, whisps of feeling, echoes of happiness.

“Let’s fly.”

Oliver kicked off from the topmost branch and soared.

~ 🏆 ~

Oliver’s greatest loves had been Charlie Weasley and Harry Potter.

He had not seen either of them in over a year. He heard Charlie had transferred to the new dragon reserve in Wales. He heard Harry had taken over as Gryffindor's Head of House.

He wasn’t sure what they had heard about him.

That he had thrown himself into the game? That he had the highest save ratio amongst all the Keepers in the league? That he had given up on dating and was well on his way to becoming a crazy cat lady?

(All of these things would be true.)

The pub was crowded by the time he arrived. Marcus had saved him a seat at the table, squished into the corner and barely bigger than a footstool, but a seat nonetheless. Funny how being teammates turned you into reluctant allies. Marcus had only joined Puddlemore United a month ago, and they were already sniping at each other less.

Oliver dropped his supplies by his seat and pushed through the crowd to the bar. He was going to need a stiff drink to get through the night. The team celebrations were always a test of endurance.

He waived down the bartender, then leaned back against the counter, surveying the room.

There was a couple at the end of the bar, pressed so tightly together that their dark coats blended into one. A man was standing between the other's spread legs, hands running over his thighs. They were both simply clad, nothing fancy or eye-catching, yet Oliver found he couldn't look away.

The man in the chair was slight, feather-light. Sitting down, the other man towered over him, had to bend down a good few inches just to converse. He was broad, firm muscles and a sharp jawline. The slighter man leaned up and met his companion in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss — lips and tongue and indulgent moans that were swallowed by the crowd long before they met Oliver's ears. He felt hot all over watching them. It had been over a year since he had been snogged that passionately.

Charlie used to kiss him like that, after racing through the forest, finally safe from the Hungarian Horntail chasing them away from her nest. Harry used to kiss him like that, after a night of wine and hushed whispers, their bodies shifting closer and closer in front of the fire.

No one had kissed him like that since. (Marcus hardly counted. They fucked; they didn't kiss. There was a difference.)

The couple moved closer, chests brushing, hips undulating against each other. The bulkier man reached up to thread his fingers through the other's hair, pulling and grasping, just like Charlie used to do. The slighter man snuck a hand between them, resting it on the other's left pectoral, right above the heart, just like Harry used to do.

Their movements were so familiar it was unsettling.

Oliver's frown grew as he watched them, his arousal giving way to confusion. He didn't recognise their faces at all. But their builds, their mannerisms, the way they pulled apart and smiled softly at each other — *he knew them.*

The bulkier man eventually broke away, squeezed the other's neck in a comforting gesture, and meandered off. The slighter man swivelled around in his chair, a dazed expression on his face, fingers pressed lightly to his lips.

Oliver was still staring. How could he not? When he — when they —

The chair almost made a full circle when the man looked up as if sensing Oliver's gaze.

His eyes were the clearest green.

Oliver would know those eyes anywhere. No amount of glamours could hide them. He used to get lost in those eyes, search for them in the bleachers at every Puddlemore game, sit next to them in the Great Hall before classes.

The bulkier man returned, carrying a pint of the darkest stout and a pint of the lightest lager. Just like Charlie used to drink, just like Harry used to drink. He said something out of the corner of his mouth and threw his head back with a laugh, his whole body shaking.

Oliver would know that laugh anywhere. No amount of silencing charms could hide it. He used to fly with that laugh, hear it rumble against his back as he fell asleep, sit across from it in the Gryffindor common room late at night.

He knew them, and he couldn't bear to see them together. Not like this, not without him.

He staggered away from the bar, drink forgotten on the counter, supplies abandoned at the table next to Marcus.

The night was damp, the air slightly chilly. Warm enough for one of Charlie's epic camping trips, legs tangling underneath the stars. Cold enough for Harry to break out the hot cocoa, sharing sweet kisses over the rim.

It was early enough in spring for the world to be wet and dreary. It was late enough for new life to grow, for ice to thaw.

"Oliver!"

Footsteps followed at a rapid pace, but Oliver refused to turn around.

"Oliver! Stop running away, would you? You know I'm faster."

At that, Oliver did turn because nothing set his teeth on edge like a *clearly* inaccurate claim about his physical abilities. Charlie managed to catch up with him with Harry running close behind. Only one of them was out of breath.

"Wanna bet on it?"

Charlie looked at him fondly. Harry looked at him incredulously.

"What are the terms?"

Oliver glanced around the empty street. "First one to the Apothecary wins." That should be far enough that Oliver's longer legs would give him the advantage.

"And the prize?" Harry asked softly, focused intently on Oliver and Oliver alone.

Oliver stared back — at the slight curl to his hair, the brightness of his eyes, the hickey peeking out of the collar at his throat.

“Whatever you want.” He licked his lips.

Whatever you want because he still wanted him — wanted *them.* Even if he couldn’t keep them, he wanted. Even if it was just for tonight, he wanted. He thought that maybe he would never stop wanting. And wasn’t that a scary thought?

“Then, let’s get to it.” Charlie winked and sauntered off towards the curb, already getting into position.

Oliver moved to follow, but Harry caught his eye.

“Good luck,” he said, and Oliver grinned.

“Won’t need luck.” Oliver shook his head, laughing a bit at his own audacity. “I only need you.”

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Oliver won.

~ 🏆 ~

They returned to Oliver’s apartment, the three of them tripping and stumbling through the doorway, Oliver in the lead.

Charlie — heading immediately to the liquor cabinet and digging all the way in the back for the liquor he favoured. Harry — settling on the couch, tucking the throw pillow behind his back and readjusting the ottoman to his liking. Oliver — frozen, melted — staring at them in his home like they had never left.

“Did you get rid of the tumblers?” asked Charlie, his head half-buried in the cabinet.

“Moved them to the top shelf.”

“The new frame looks good,” Harry commented, looking up at the candid of Oliver and his mum at his first Quidditch game.

“Found it in a thrift store in Brighton.”

This was so strange, alien yet familiar. They knew so much about him, about his space, his things, but it felt like they were complete strangers. Funny how that happened — the greatest loves of his life, strangers in his home.

“Shall we, then?” Charlie handed them each a glass and poured them all a generous amount.

“Thanks,” said Harry. He took the glass, watching Oliver over the rim.

They raised their glasses, meeting in the middle.

“To adventure,” boomed Charlie.

“To second chances,” murmured Harry.

They both looked at Oliver.

“To winning.” He clinked his glass and grinned.

~ 🏆 ~

Charlie Weasley felt like summer and smelled like watermelon. Harry Potter felt like winter and smelled like pomegranate. Together, with Charlie’s heat pressed to his back and Harry’s cool fingers tracing down his chest, Oliver let himself blossom. He let the frost thaw and the sprouts begin to bud. He basked in the warmth of Charlie’s smile and pressed against the delicate chill of Harry’s resolve.

Together, they felt like spring and smelled like home.

End Notes

Oliver's fruit of choice is blueberry by the way (symbolizing youth, optimism, and confidence). And his season is spring. Yes, exactly like the title. Thanks for reading :D

Check out my Wood You Rather fic from last year (some short angsty Flintwood!) or come say hi on Tumblr @lumosatnight!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!